WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE

# THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

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## The Passing Show.

A "hero" is a corpse that was shot full of holes in the interest of his master's pocket-book.—"The Melting Pot."

The capitalists know how to defeat the workers. Set them fighting each other is their policy.

The ruling class loves the old game with kings, queens, horses, castles, bishops and pawns. The important piece is the king.

Australian rulers are pretending to build a capital city at Canberra, but the real capital city is London.

"Socialism," as Bebel expressed it, "is science applied to all realms of human activity."

The struggle for markets leads unerringly to a deluge of blood.

President Wilson has been made a member of the Journeymen Stone Masons. Roosevelt is a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and Taft is a member of the Steam Shovellers' Union. Hooray for industrial solidarity.

N.S.W. Eight Hours Committee held its annual banquet at the Trades Hall on Saturday night, October 2. The Governor-General, the State Governor, Senator Pearce, Attorney-General Hughes, Premier Holman, and a host of politicians were present, and, according to press reports, had most to say, and quite overshadowed Labor's function. Sycophancy and lickspittleism appeared to be the dominant note in the speeches.

Speed the day of the industrial and political solidarity of the working-class. Put no trust in princes nor plutes.

Comrades who have visited Jackson and Quinton at Long Bay Jail say that both are well and hearty, and are "doing it" in true Socialist fashion. Both regard the jail as a satire on civilization and laugh at the attempts of rulers to stop the growth of intelligence by jailing Socialist propagandists.

"It was a successful charge, though I was in others that were hotter. Bayonet charges are the acme of sensation. You have not the slightest fear of bullets. Murder flows in your veins. Your eyes are bulging with it for days afterwards. You dream about it for weeks, and when the doctor comes to dress your wounds you want to clutch him by the throat and gloat over him as you squash the life out of him. It is a few days before you become a man again."—A soldier, who returned from Gallipoli, in Sydney "Sun." (3/10/15).

Is it possible to "become a man again?"

"In Bernard Shaw's 'Man and Superman,' when John Tanner's motor car is held up, the chief of the brigands introduces himself thus: 'I am a brigand; I rob the rich.' Whereupon John Tanner replies: 'I am a capitalist; I rob the poor. Shake hands.' And the two robbers shake."—"Maoriland Worker."

An Adelaide soldier's warning to a Quaker advocate of Peace: "If you give us any more of this Christ business you'll get some plugs in the mug."

Jesus's teaching is unpopular in the city of churches just now.

We have received a manifesto signed by 20 members of the South African Labour Party. It is headed, "The Labour Party's Duty in the War," and constitutes a reply to the "See it through" policy of Mr. Cresswell and others. The official Labor Party of the Commonwealth should read the manifesto and note how it stands for international working-class solidarity as against jingoism and imperialism.

Writing to "The Vag," of "The Maoriland Worker," Ryan Walker, America's great Socialist cartoonist, said: "I spoke the other night in Sing Sing prison to 1800 convicts. You should have heard their applause."




The prison authorities must be progressing some in Yankeeland when they allow a Socialist to address their prisoners. And a good Socialist talk would do Society's victims more good in an hour than all the usual clerical homilies do in a lifetime. Socialism has a message of hope for so-called "convicts," that no other system has. That was probably why the Sing Sing prisoners applauded Ryan Walker. They got the message.

According to the "S.M. Herald" (8/9/15) M. Watteuw, the Belgian Consul, has received a cablegram sent by the Belgian Red Cross Society in London, as follows:—"We are in great need of money. So far we have received nothing of the funds raised in Australia for the Belgians. Would it be possible for you to allow us portion of same?" (Signed) Baron Goffnet, President Belgian Red Cross, Savoy Hotel, London." According to Mr. Cann, N.S.W. Minister for Works, and President of the National Belgian Relief Fund, some commission in London has been receiving at least £600,000 per month since October, 1914, either in cash or goods, a large proportion coming from America. It is a fairly big sum to go astray, or to be missed by the Red Cross people, but as they say they got none of it, some of the big pots ought to be asked where it has gone.

Mr Joseph Cook, leader of the Opposition in the Federal Parliament, says: "Mr. Knibbs shows that a man who is in receipt of £3 per week has had his cost of living increased by 12s. per week during the past three years, whilst his wages have been increased by only 4s. per week."

This hits some of Cook's tory followers hard to leg, for 5 per cent. of the strikes that have taken place in Australia during the past eighteen months were caused through market riggers increasing the cost of living, and the master class opposing increased wages to keep pace with it.

The Universal Service League officials are very sore over being turned down at the recent Trades Hall meeting when conscription was discussed and rejected. The President, Professor David, now says the U.S. League stands for the conscription of wealth, but when he was asked the question a few weeks ago he said he couldn't say it did. The League has evidently been reconsidering its attitude, or rather, considering what would go down at the Trades Hall.

N.S.W. Chief Secretary, George Black, says that in some parts of Australia the sanitary system is not far ahead of that of the ancient Israelites. He might have added that the economic views of our rulers and the system they favor are the principal causes of this.

N.S.W. Labor Ministers are actively recruiting cheap labor for harvesting. You see, the harvest must be gathered or the farmers in Macquarie Street may not get their cut. The share system imposes heavy burdens and responsibilities on overworked politicians and city magnates.

The Premiers' Conference in Melbourne has set all the public misleaders yawping about economy. No more money can be borrowed to finance the rotten system of rent, interest, profit and wages, and the first thing that occurs to the stone-age intellects of politicians and pressmen is that wages must be made to suffer. Guns and ammunition must be produced and rent, interest and profit must be raked in as usual, but there must be economy somewhere. So says the inimitable Andy—the workers' "true friend."

Carmichael, M.L.A., is against conscription. All he wants is compulsory training in rifle clubs, and then compulsory drafting to the European slaughter-yards. This, of course, is not conscription: it is the most perfect form of freedom.

We learn from "The Melting Pot" that the Western Nitro-Glycerine Manufacturers' Association of America is out with an unique proposal to utilize the dead bodies of men and horses killed in battle. Here is the despatch as it appeared in a Sacramento paper.

"Chicago, May 15.—The grewsome proposition of using the bodies of men slain in battle to make nitro-glycerine of is being discussed by the members of the Western Nitro-Glycerine Manufacturers' Association in session here to devise some means of increasing the output of their product.

They say the war is necessitating the use of so much glycerine the entire supply of the United States will be exhausted in 90 days.

If glycerine is exhausted, it will not only have an important effect on the war, speakers said, but much work, including oil development, will be brought to a dead stop. One of the delegates says:

"Glycerine is produced but from one source, animal sinews, and there is no way of increasing the production unless we can make use of the bodies of horses and men killed on the field of battle."

Capitalism is surely nearing its highest development. What could be more perfect than a system that breeds a war to kill off superfluous workers and then utilizes their bodies to make more bombs and shells to kill off more soldiers as fast as they enlist? The profits of the warlords from such a scheme would only be limited by the world's capacity to produce "heroes."

Children are said to learn by doing. When they grow up they seem to learn by being done.

The war has capsized the hoary notion that society cannot feed all its units by showing how millions of men can be fed and clothed while they are killing each other.

When the Britisher heard the advice, "Follow the King," he must have taken it the other way, for he immediately flew to the bottle, and soaked to the extent of £8,000,000 more for the last half-year than for the corresponding period of last year. With large numbers absent at the front, this total constitutes something for the teetotallers to ruminate upon.

"The revolt against the tyranny of the 'National' Government is spreading. It is no longer confined to the half-dozen I.L.P. members of Parliament. Radicals, who have inherited the old Liberal traditions of individual liberty, are becoming alarmed at the legislation this Government, at the dictation of the Tory party and the press dictatorship, is forcing through Parliament."—"The Worker" (Brisbane).

When we recollect that our own Federal Labor Government is copying this Tory legislation, and that "The Worker" supports it, we are moved to smile rather broadly.

According to the Labor Press up north Labor Ministers Theodore and Adamson are kept fairly busy "amicably" settling industrial disputes. It is said that about a dozen strikes would now be in full swing but for their skilful intervention. Ah, well. Labor Ministers here in N.S.W. used to use soothing syrup before they became strikebreakers. When the Queensland workers find that "fine promises butter no parsnips" they will probably refuse to be soothed by professional blandishers and strike. They will then experience what their southern brethren have, and a charming illusion will be dispelled.

Speaking in the House of Representatives recently, Federal Member Orchard of New South Wales said: "It was time steps were taken to block 'this Prussian spirit' that was growing up in the Defence Department. There was a class of men growing up who, when they got gold braid on their uniforms, thought themselves superior individuals."

The ruling class encourage them in so thinking, and the workers vote for the rulers.

"The party truce is being employed to stifle the expression of independent views, and the dire national peril is being used to frighten the country into submitting to the surrender of its liberties, which will have to be fought for over again when the war is over."—P. Snowden, M.P., in London "Labor Leader."

How closely do the methods of the tories of Britain tally with those of Labor politicians here!

Commenting on the gospel of thrift and economy now being preached by the wasteful and extravagant to the poor, Robert Blatchfrd says: "I know that if every working man and woman in England turned teetotaller to-morrow, if they all remained single, if they all worked like niggers, if they all worked 12 hours a day, if they lived on oatmeal and water, if they saved every farthing they could spare, they would at the end of 20 years be a great deal worse off than they are to-day."

Just so, even the Single Tax wouldn't save 'em.

"I am afraid that every form of superstition and barbarity will be fortified by this mad war."—H. S. Salt, of the British Humanitarian League.

Some superstitions seem, however, to be weakening. Men no longer believe that peace can be preserved by preparing for war. Millions now see that Christian peoples are not followers of the Prince of Peace; that Prussian militarism cannot be smashed by all adopting Prussian militarism; that the working-class have nothing to gain from war. Other superstitions are in the melting pot.

How the "pushes" talk:

Mr. Hughes: With your help we are going to rise on Friday.

Mr. Cook (smiling): Fair dinkum?

(Laughter).

Mr. Hughes (very gravely): Fair dinkum. (Loud laughter.).—Federal "Hansard."

The whole financial world is practically engaged in financing the war. There is little money for anything else. The first 12 months of the stupendous conflict has cost the principal nations engaged well over £3,000,000,000, apart from the destruction of life and property. If the war lasts until next August, another £5,000,000,000 will most likely be added to the total cost, and the world's national debts will have been doubled in two years. What this means in interest charges almost baffles imagination to conjecture. Will the world be able to recover and get back into the old groove? Or, will the immense burden prove too much for humanity and compel a revolution? These are questions for the mentally alert. We may be sure that the world will be sharply divided into financiers and workers, into exploiters and exploited. The old class struggle will be clearer and more apparent to both sides. The struggle will be carried on with increased bitterness and determination. Let us hope it will find the workers prepared.

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The idea that all products of labor would be turned into the common crib and everybody invited to help himself as he saw fit is, to say the least, Utopian. It is not Socialism.
—N.A. Richardson, "Introduction to Socialism."

# The Premiers' Confab.

## Raising the Wind.

### Plute Papers Predictions of Financial Slump and Drastic Alteration of Constitution.

The conference of Premiers and Treasurers, held in Melbourne last week, ended, as we expected it would, where it began.

The Premiers were faced with what the newspapers described as "a grave outlook" regarding ways and means. How to raise the wind was the problem the Premiers had to tackle, and after several days' discussion the conundrum was given up.

Every State in the Commonwealth wants money, and wants it badly, for each is like a drunken reveller when the pawnbroker turns him down.

Before the war it was comparatively easy for these States to preserve an appearance of prosperity. As long as they could borrow money from abroad, with which to finance their various undertakings, the system of alleged prosperity could be maintained—house rents could be kept up, and the prices of land and cost of living constantly increased.

When the war came, a chill struck the States and the Commonwealth Government was obliged to apply to the British Government for help. The Imperial Government responded for war purposes only, and the Commonwealth was able to divert £18,000,000 to the assistance of the States.

The tension was by this expedient temporarily relieved, and the old policy continued. Since then the States have been making fruitless efforts to keep up appearances. N.S.W. provided for twelve months ahead by handing its financial affairs and public works over to financiers represented by Norton Griffiths, but the other States were unable to follow such a lead, and the Commonwealth Government, having practically monopolised the local financial field with its recent loan, things have been going from bad to worse, until now, as the Sydney "Daily Telegraph" puts it, "We have to consider the possibility of a financial position arising that will call for a drastic reform of the Federal Constitution."

That this position has already arisen may be seen if we take a square look at the facts. No more money can be raised in Britain. The Imperial Government itself has had to place a large loan on the American market, and the Commonwealth has been compelled to ask Australian financiers to help to keep things going. The latter have responded but the terms they have imposed show conclusively that they have the Government under the whip. Their terms were 4½ per cent., and exemption of the interest from income tax. These terms indicate the straits of the Federal Government, and presage a bad time for the Treasurer when he asks for accommodation again, as he must do, in the near future.

"S.M. Herald" (28/9/15), dealing with the financial position, says: "No doubt the British Government will, as before, see that the Commonwealth is not wanting in the wherewithal to continue to meet its growing war expendiure. But will it go further and assist in financing the States? Who can say?"

The British Government has already on more than one occasion refused to assist in financing the States, and Mr. Lloyd George, when Chancellor, even went as far as to hint at an embargo being placed on the States' borrowings in London. So the "Herald's" question may readily be answered in the negative. And there is no certainty that the British Government "will, as before, see that the Commonwealth is not wanting in the wherewithal to continue to meet its growing war expenditure."

The British Government has, financially, enough on its hands to meet its own growing war expenditure, and we may be sure that it has already told the Commonwealth Treasurer so, or why did he risk the recent appeal to local financiers?

In facing this position, when the rotten financial system and hollow sham of prosperity has broken down, the Premiers have shown that they are as mentally bankrupt as they are financially. Their conference ended practically where it began, not one of the high salaried delegates having made a single useful suggestion.

The Premiers know that the present system is collapsing. They are confronted with an inexorable need for economy, and they dare not suggest economy where there is the most extravagant waste. Hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, are absorbed by the most idle and useless parasites in the community, but the Premiers dare not attack such waste. Instead of doing so, they are considering how wages may safely be attacked. They know better than to suspend the useful wage-workers, but if they could only get them to swallow the Universal Service bolus, their way out would be easy. With industrial conscription the workers could be forced into the fields and factories at whatever rates their masters and rulers desired. It is this that Mr. Holman and his brethren are aiming at. This is the "drastic reform of the Federal Constitution" foreshadowed by the Sydney "Daily Telegraph."

# The Launch of the "Brisbane."

## Labor Party's Ideal: More Opportunities for Battleships, More Wars and Slaughter.

Australia's "intellectual elite" gathered in force at Cockatoo Dock on September 30 to take part in the function of launching the cruiser "Brisbane." There was much enthusiasm and a good deal of tall talk by politicians about the future of "our navy," and, judging by press reports of the speeches, a fixed determination to go the pace in warship building.

Mrs. Fisher, wife of the Prime Minister, performed the ceremony of naming the vessel, by breaking a bottle of Australian wine against its bows and repeating a few words prepared for her by the Federal Ministry.

Mrs. Fisher's speech, though very brief, was full of significance. She said: "I name you 'Brisbane.' I wish you success and opportunities to win new honors for Australia and the King's Navy."

We are told that a frantic outburst of cheering followed Mrs. Fisher's remarks, so we may take it that they correctly represented the general feeling of those present.

Now in wishing the warship "success and opportunities to win new honors for Australia and the King's Navy," Mrs. Fisher was giving expression to an ideal—an ideal of warlords and warmongers the world over. The "success" of a warship depends upon naval engagements in war time, and the "opportunities to win new honors for Australia and the King's Navy" can only come if Australia is involved in plenty of wars in the near future. The more wars there are within the next few years, the more opportunities will there be for the "Brisbane" to win "new honors."

We may take it from Mrs. Fisher's speech that the Commonwealth Labor Party has the warmongering spirit fully developed, and looks hopefully to the future to bring opportunities for its warships to distinguish themselves. With those who hope that the present war will be the last, the Commonwealth Government has no sympathy.

At the luncheon which followed the ceremony, Commonwealth Ministers made the warlike ideals of the party clear. The Prime Minister said: "We have made a good beginning, but we have yet to go much further."

The Attorney-General, Mr. Hughes, said that "Australia, after the war, could not be the same. . . . We were not to assume that the 'Brisbane' was the last ship to be launched. It was not the end, but the beginning. We must go on whether we liked it or not."

Mr. Jensen, Minister for the Navy, affirmed "the Government's intention to continue the construction of ships of war. And it intended to do greater things if possible."

Senator Pearce, Minister for Defence, was equally emphatic, and so were others who spoke, so we may rest assured that we now have in full working order a party of warlords as militarist in ideals and sentiment as are the Prussian Junkers of Europe.

# The War Precautions Act.

## Imprisonment Without Trial.

### If Senator Pearce Suspects You.

From Hansard Report of Commonwealth" Parliamentary Debates," issued Thursday, September 2, 1915.

SECOND READING.

(Senate Debate continued.)

Senator PEARCE (Western Australia—Minister of Defence) (4.15).—I wish to say one or two words in reply to the debate. First of all, I have to thank Senator Keating for his very clear exposition of the difficulties with which any Government must be confronted by the necessity of dealing with this question, and also for pointing out to those disposed to cavil at the provisions of this measure the alternative with which they are faced. Senator Millen's criticism amounts to this: He objects to the measure because he says that it is different from our ordinary legal procedure. Admittedly it is, but the conditions under which we are legislating in this way are entirely different from ordinary conditions.

Senator Millen.—That is the honorable senator's setting of my criticism.

Senator PEARCE.—The honorable senator has spoken as though we could take action to preserve the safety of the Commonwealth in time of war in exactly the same way as we might prosecute people under peace conditions.

Senator Millen.—I did not. I said that the Minister might have the power to lock a man up instaantly.

Senator PEARCE.—And an inquiry must follow?

Senator Millen.—Yes.

Senator PEARCE.—If there must be an inquiry after arrest, it might just as well precede the arrest.

Senator Millen.—No; because you would have the suspected person in custody.

Senator PEARCE.—Senator Millen must know that, by permitting an inquiry, we should probably prevent ourselves from ever after being able to lay by the heels people who were doing things that were against the safety of the Commonwealth. We have to remember that we must take into consideration not only persons of enemy origin who may do something detrimental to the safety of the Commonwealth in connexion with the war; but the fact that there are traitors in every country, and that there are people of every nationality who are prepared to sell their country. Senator Millen says that, because a suspected person is of British nationality, we should treat him in just the same way as if the war did not exist.

Senator Millen.—No; I say lock him up first.

Senator PEARCE.—The honorable senator says that we should proceed in the ordinary manner in accordance with recognised legal procedure.

Senator Millen.—That is not accurate. The Minister would have power under this Bill to lock up a suspected person first. That is not ordinary procedure.

Senator PEARCE.—I think that it is. The police arrest a man before he is tried.

Senator Millen.—This Bill gives the Minister power to do so.

Senator PEARCE.—All that Senator Millen proposes is that the Minister should be given power to arrest a man, and try him afterwards. The police have that power in times of peace. The honorable senator proposes to put the Minister in dealing with war conditions in the same position as he would be in times of peace. If honorable senators shut their eyes to the fact that the war exists, and that the agents of our enemies are in existence, and have been demonstrated to be active in Australia, and prepared to use methods detrimental to the safety of the country, Senator Millen's argument is good, and must enlist the sympathy of all. But we cannot shut our eyes to these facts. They exist, and stare us in the face. Their importance is emphasized by the fact that we are fighting two countries, one of which has organised its spy system and secret service system better, and with more determination and persistence, than any other nation on earth has ever done. Yet Senator Millen would propose that, in dealing with war conditions, we should adopt the ordinary civil procedure of times of peace.

Senator Millen.—It is not my proposition.

Senator PEARCE.—Having arrested him, we are then to disclose to him the means by which we discovered him, so that he may be in a position to warn all his colleagues throughout Australia to avoid certain channels, because it was through those channels that we were enabled to lay him by the heels. Is not that a lovely proposition? With what joy it would be welcomed by the German Secret Service if it were adopted in France, England, or Russia? One can understand how the chief of the Secret Service in Germany, upon learning that Senator Millen's proposal had been adopted by England, would rub his hands with glee, and exclaim, "These English are bigger fools than I thought them to be, and I thought that they were very big fools indeed."

Senator Mullan.—How is the position being met in England?

Senator PEARCE.—In much the same way as we are meeting it here.

Senator Mullan.—They have not the same powers there.

Senator PEARCE.—The Imperial authorities have as great powers as will be conferred by this Bill, and what is more, they are exercising them.

Senator O'Keefe.—If a suspect has to be granted a trial, the Minister will be obliged at that trial to divulge the source of his information——

Senator PEARCE.—Exactly, if we have to disclose to the suspect how we have obtained our information.

Senator Millen.—Not how the Minister obtained it.

Senator PEARCE.—Then how can we prove our right to arrest him? I know of certain individuals, and I know that if I am compelled to disclose how we have obtained information in respect to them we will not catch any more of the same class—persons who are a menace to the Commonwealth. The channels through which we obtained our information will be closed, and they are the only channels through which we can catch these people. After all, we have to recollect that any Minister is primarily responsible to Parliament. Secondly, these prisoners are not confined to a place where they are denied access to anybody. Their friends may see them, their solicitors may visit them, and in such circumstances, if injustice be done, is it conceivable that this Parliament will not promptly intervene? So far, the criticism directed again the Minister has been that he has not used his powers widely enough. There has been no complaint that I have not used them wisely. There has been strong criticism because there has not been a wholesale internment of persons of alien origin. That criticism is being continually voiced by the Liberal daily press throughout Australia. I ask honorable senators to believe that no Minister who is imbued with any sense of justice will accept the mere ipse dixit of an officer. When Senator Stewart impugns the honesty of the offi-

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cers who have been acting in these matters. I wish to tell him that the great majority of them are men who, prior to the outbreak of war, occupied civil positions in Australia, and who have since been called up for duty. What object have they to serve by going out of their way to manufacture evidence in order to cause people to lose their liberty?

Senator Stewart.—I do not know anything about them.

Senator PEARCE.—Then the honorable senator ought not to have made the interjection which he did.

Senator Stewart.—I know what intelligence men have been in the past.

Senator PEARCE.—The honorable senator must recollect that our Intelligence Department consists of ordinary citizens of Australia—decent, respectable men who at the inception of the war, offered their services to the Commonwealth, and were called up for duty. They are discharging their duties, I believe, with a desire to assist their country, and not with a wish to injure anybody. Till I see something which will warrant me in taking a different view, I shall continue to hold that the remark of Senator Stewart was entirely uncalled for. These officers must be credited with honesty of purpose, and not with vindictiveness. If they should entertain suspicion concerning an individual, they are charged with the duty of ascertaining whether there is any substance upon which to base that suspicion. They must then bring the matter before the Minister. They must convince him that there is sufficient substance underlying their suspicion to justify him in depriving the suspect of his liberty. Up to the present no natural-born British subject has been deprived of his liberty.

Senator Bakhap.—Does the honorable senator say that under the provisions of the principal Act no natural-born British subject has been deprived of his liberty?

Senator PEARCE.—I cannot think of any case in which a natural-born British subject has been deprived of his liberty by way of internment. But the Minister, when called upon to deal with a situation like that, would not only be very foolish, but would act very wrongly indeed, if, before taking such a drastic step, he did not have very strong justification for so doing. Equally, when dealing with naturalised aliens, he must satisfy himself that he has good grounds for taking action. If a naturalised alien may be deprived of his liberty where there is good ground for suspicion, it is even more necessary that, in similar circumstances, a British-born subject may be deprived of his liberty, because he is far more dangerous to the community. If he be a traitor, the British-born subject, by virtue of his birth, is much more dangerous to the Commonwealth than would be a person of foreign birth. I am aware that this is a very big power to place in the hands of any man—certainly, it is too large a power to put into the hands of any individual except in time of war, for the purpose of safeguarding the Commonwealth. In my opinion, although these specific words do not appear in the principal Act, that Act and the regulations thereunder may be construed in such a way as to give the Minister power to deal with other than unnaturalized aliens.

Senator Findley.—The Government believed that they had that power when they introduced the principal Act?

Senator PEARCE.—Undoubtedly. The regulations were framed in that belief. I feel sure that Parliament thought that we had that power. In this connexion I would refer Senator Millen to the regulation that has been drawn up in connexion with the Alien Instructions Regulations, and which vests in the Minister power to grant to any person an inquiry after he has been interned. That is a power which the Minister, in certain cases, might exercise. But it is a power which ought to be used at his discretion, and an interned person ought not to have a right to an inquiry. For instance, there might be a case in which the Minister could grant such an inquiry without in any way assisting the enemy. On the other hand, there might be a case in which the granting of an inquiry would unquestionably assist the enemy.

Senator Mullan.—Is there not a danger that the Minister may refuse to grant an inquiry to an interned person in order to cover up his own mistake?

Senator PEARCE.—I do not think so. I admit that, to me, this is the most distasteful part of Defence administration. If I could see any chance of granting an inquiry without doing real harm to the Commonwealth, I would certainly welcome it. What would such an inquiry mean? It would relieve the Minister of all responsibility—it would dissipate the feeling that he is personally responsible for having deprived a man of his liberty. If that remark applies to a person who is a naturalized subject, how much more does it apply to a natural British-born subject? It is wise, therefore, that the power should be a discretionary one. I said just now that, so far as I knew, there had been no case in which a British-born subject had been deprived of his liberty. I find that my statement was not quite correct. There has been one case in which a British-born subject, of German parentage, has been deprived of his liberty.

Senator Millen.—That is very satisfactory.

Senator PEARCE.—I can give the Senate my assurance that in the future, as in the past, a case will have to be clear and overwhelming before a British-born subject will be deprived of his liberty. The Bill will be applied with justice and, at the same time, with firmness in the case of naturalized aliens. But I ask honorable senators to recognise that we are dealing with a very delicate question—that we are dealing with it in a very difficult time—and that if this measure be placed on the statute-book it does not appear likely that we shall have occasion to use it more widely than we have already used the principal Act. But we never know how the tide of war may swing. We do not know that the time may not arrive when it will be necessary to use the powers conferred by the principal Act and by this Bill to a much wider extent. But Parliament has control of the Government, and the Government is susceptible to public opinion, so that every safeguard exists against the infliction of injustice on any individual.

Question resolved in the affirmative.

Bill read a second time.

# WINNING A WORLD.

(By Eugene Debs.)

The Socialist movement is as wide as the world, and its mission is to win the world, the whole world, from animalism, and consecrate it to humanity. What a tremendous task! And what a royal privilege to share in it! To win a world is worthy of a race of Gods, and in winning men develop God-like attributes, since all men are potential Gods. What a madhouse the earth would seem to-day in the frenzied revelry of capitalism but for the light the Socialistic philosophy sheds upon it! What alpine peaks of wealth, and what desert wastes of poverty, despair and death! What man, unless his heart be adamant, can contemplate this awful scene and be content? What man, unless his brain be atrophied and his vision blinded, can fail to see the impending crisis?

In the presence of this vast and terrible phenomenon, how satisfying to be enlisted in the Socialist movement, to understand its doubt-dispelling social philosophy, and to interpret passing events in the clear light of its science.

The productive mechanism in modern history, vast, complex, marvellous beyond expression, spurns the impotent touch of the individual hand, but leaps as if in joy to its task when caressed by the myriad-fingered collective son of modern toil. The mute message of the machine! Could but the worker understand, and would he but heed it! Child of his brain—the machine has come to free, and not to enslave; to save, and not to destroy, the author of its being. Potent and imperious as the command of the industrious Jehovah, the machine compels the grand army of toil to rally to its standard, to recognise its power, to surrender bodily-breaking and soul-devouring tasks, to join hands in sacred fellowship, to subdivide labour, to equalise burdens, to demand joy and leisure for all, and, emancipated from the fetters of the flesh, to rise to the sublimest heights of intellectual, moral and spiritual exaltation.

To realise this great social ideal is work of education and organisation. The working classes must be aroused. They must be made to hear the trumpet-call of solidarity—economic solidarity and political solidarity! One great all-embracing trades union and one great, all-embracing political party, and revolutionary to the core—two hearts with but a single soul.

The modern tool of production must belong to those who make use of it—whose freedom, yea, whose very lives depend upon it. A hundred years ago the collective ownership of the individual tool would have been absurd; to-day the private ownership of the collective tool is a crime. This crime is at the foundation of every other that disfigures society, and from its sub-cellars exude the festering stenches of our sweat-shop civilisation.

Educate the working class. Spread Socialist journals, pamphlets, tracts, and leaflets among the people. The middle-class see their doom in capitalism, and must soon turn to Socialism. The handwriting is on all the hoardings of the universe. The worst in Socialism will be better than the best in capitalism. The historic mission of capitalism has been to exploit the forces of Nature, place them at the service of man, augmenting his productive capacity a thousandfold, to turn, as if by magic, the shallow sluggish streams into rushing, roaring Niagaras of wealth, leaving to the toilers who produced it but greater poverty, insecurity and anguish than before. The mission of Socialism is to release these imprisoned productive forces from the vandal hordes that have seized them, that they have operated, not spasmodically and in the interest of a favoured class, as at present, but freely and in the common interest of all. Then the world—the world the Socialistic movement is to win from capitalism will be filled with wealth for all to have and to enjoy in its abundance.

When enough have become Socialists and each day is augmenting the number and making them more staunch and resolute—they will sweep the country on the only vital issue before the nation. A new power will be in control—the people.

For the first time in all history man at last will be free!

# A MAD WORLD.

GEE BEE.

Some few years ago Dr. Kellog, an eminent specialist in mental disease, startled the world by declaring that, at the then rate of progress, in less than two hundred years the majority of the people of western civilization would be mad.

Dr. Forbes Winslow, about the same time, made a similar declaration. The present European slaughter will no doubt accelerate the progress toward a universal Bedlam. We read of many soldiers being invalided home because of nervous breakdown and insanity. It is not alone the soldiers who are suffering, but we find that many paid followers of the Galilean agitator being thrown off their mental balance. Whether or not this is due to shock resulting from a sudden access to an even softer billet than hitherto enjoyed, we cannot say, but the fact remains that many parsons who have become Colonel-Chaplains are on the rampage, uttering the most utter balderdash that could possibly be conceived. Brisbane has suffered in common with other Australian cities from the "Colney Hatch" ravings of the "Khaki Kristians."

A few weeks ago the Rev. Rowe was let loose in the community after a journey to Egypt. He didn't get as far as Gallipoli. He was sane enough to keep clear of the slaughter. His faithful followers gave him a great welcome. One could also imagine it was the "second coming." He told some remarkable stories in his Sunday sermons. One such was concerning an unfortunate defender of the Empire, who had both legs blown off by a shell. Seeing the two legs some few yards away from him, he turned to the Captain and asked whose legs were they? The captain replied that they belonged to poor devil recently wounded. On receiving this answer the legless one not knowing that he was the "poor devil" referred to closed his eyes and went to sleep. This and other yarns were told in order to prove that, in the words of the Rev. Col.-Chaplain himself: "THE ROAD FROM GALLIPOLI TO HEAVEN WAS MADE AS GENTLE AS POSSIBLE." Another parson and Christian apologist for war, the Rev. C. Cosh, said, in the course of a sermon preached a week or two ago, that a "certain Presbyterian minister not a hundred miles from Ann-street had preached a most remarkable sermon on the text 'Love your enemies.'" What is the state of mind of these Christians when they refer to the basic principle of their faith as something remarkable and infer that to preach such ethics is but the action of one scarcely sane. There's a day of reckoning in store for these gentry after the war. Another gentleman, a Theosophist this time, in the course of a lecture recently delivered at the Centennial Hall, told us that the heroes who died at the Dardanelles formed the nucleus of a new race in the next world. This race would be a thousand years ahead in civilisation and culture than the present earth occupants. He also informed his credulous hearers that many of our soldiers went on fighting after they were dead in the physical body, not knowing that their psychical weapons were of no avail against the material bodies of the Turks. Verily we are sorely tried. War is bad enough in all conscience, but to have such stuff inflicted upon us is almost more than we can bear. Still we are a patient people, and I guess we'll come up smiling for the next dose.

The asylum at Goodna is being enlarged. The authorities know something.

# Cry of London Rich.

## "We Don't Want Babes—Give Us Pet Dogs."

Do you know that every day in Hyde Park, or Rotten Row, in fashionable West End London, you may see nursemaids wheeling handsome perambulators in which are—not smiling babes, but—pet poodles. This article explains how a section of London's poor are forced to earn their living by rearing dogs for London's rich.

My work, some years ago, as a commissioner searching out the working conditions among the slum centres of London, brought me face to face with many sordid pictures of how the poor unfortunates of the Financial Capital of the World exist. Much of the priceless information I gained was only made possible by the good graces of the various school inspectors, who in their work of house to house visits for school-absent children, are able to lift the veil on scenes that otherwise would remain buried for ever. By reason of their regular visits, they become known to the people, and in company with these men at various times, my work was always easier than it would have been under other circumstances. Unknown to these people I would have created a false impression, for by necessity the poor of London are suspicious. A well-dressed man conjures up visions of a bailiff, a detective, or some other officer of the law anxious to round up a victim. But in company with a school inspector, all this suspicion is removed.

So it came about that, when I wished to take up the task of studying (for want of a better name) the "pet poodle industry," I again fell back on the good graces of the school inspector. It was a winter's morn that he took me into the heart of slum London. We went to Stepney.

After visiting several houses, where my friend made official enquiries regarding the children, we at last stood before a dirty, evil-smelling, one-storied tenement. I knew what the inside would be like—I had seen them so often.

We entered. And for the first time I was introduced to a surrounding that made my brain well-nigh reel. We had entered, in very truth, the home of a family whose mode of existence was that of dog-breeding, which in turn became the amorous pets of the West End capitalist's wife, who would be childless. I should here explain that Nature has no application in the West End of London. It is even considered "bad taste" for a Park Lane millionaire's wife to have a babe in her home.

But think of this—and it is a fact that I would not believe possible in Christian England did I not see it myself. Poverty in that heart-breaking, dismal East End of London is of such an extent that, in the daily wage against hunger; in the terrible battle to fill the little slum-child's stomach, whole families in Stepney are rearing dogs as an occupation to secure a crust of bread.

The family we visited lived in a wretched rat-hole of a house amid disgraceful surroundings. The floors boasted no coverings; the furniture was scarce. But the room that served as dining-room and bedroom boasted a bed. I at last thought this family had the comfort of a warm bed till I made the horrifying discovery that in the bed was a filthy mongrel bringing forth her litter of pups. These were born with infinite care, handled tenderly, sold to the dog vendors, who in turn sold them to the rich ladies of the West End. The man, his wife, and children were sleeping on the cold floors of a night, while the dog was bringing forth her litter of pups on the warm bed.

And this in England—our Motherland that would hold the torch as the Leader of Christianity before the world; that would lead the world in civilisation—while her own sons and daughters were forced to assist in the degrading work of breeding dogs for the idle rich as a means of keeping the hunger-wolf from the door. Do you wonder that the capitalist is hated in London; do you wonder that he is painted as a hideous monster crucifying the poor unfortunates on the altar of Mammon; do you wonder that the poor of London—of England—are not satisfied with their lot?

The whole thing is revolting. The condition of the London poor to-day is as bad as in the days of Feudalism. It is true that under the modern law the rich man cannot steal your wife by force, but what is more revolting than compelling her to breed dogs for his rich wife?

In the West End of London I had ample

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opportunities of studying the rich man's wife and her pet dog. I know of one case where a society lady was childless. All her affection was lavished on a woolly hound. I was told that she paid £250 for this dog—a price which, if expended in the cause of humanity, would have provided a meal and a bed to 15,000 poor hungry wretches who nightly fall asleep in the open, be it wet or fine.

This lady dressed her dog in satin cloths and rugs, wool bootees covered its paws, a perambulator held its carcase, while it received its daily outing in Kensington Gardens. The perambulator was wheeled by a "kennel-maid" whom circumstances forced to accept this degrading position that she may earn 7/- a week.

I appeal to God's daughters. I want the mothers who read this to think of their own daughters, wheeling a woolly dog in a carriage that was built to carry one of God's innocents, while it was yet too young and weak to use its toddling feet. I want you to know that this Daughter of Mammon covered the paws of her dog with wool bootees that the poor child of the slum in the East End never sees, whose poor unfortunate mother is too poor to purchase such luxuries to cover the feet of her tiny offspring. I want you to know that this dog was wrapped in satin clothes while your new born child is wrapped in the same material that covered the Founder of Christianity in the Bethlehem stable 2000 years ago.

Does this not make you seriously wonder what England is coming to? Do you not wonder why the wrath of God is not called down on this modern Sodom and Gomorrah? England is not degenerate—yet Plute England is fondling dogs instead of carrying out the laws of Nature and of God.

And if you walk across Hyde Park to the Dogs' Cemetery, where these mongrels are buried in silver caskets, you will read on fine marble headstones that "not one of these is forgotten before God." What blasphemy. The dead offspring of the East End poor is put in a cheap, rough box and rattled away in haste to an obscure cemetery, where it is buried devoid of headstone, the green grass only for a memory, while the dead curs of the West End—the pet poodle of "Milady"—is buried in a beautiful tomb in Hyde Park, with a marble stone bearing a quotation from the Book of God's Law, intended for the soul of one of His images. What blasphemy.

Is this kind of thing ever going to end? Years ago, it is true, London had its rich and its poor. To-day it is worse. In a most marked manner, indeed, are the poor forced to submit to the vanity of Plute—the vanity of a parasite, a humbug, a heathen to the Divine Law.

And so London's poor grows poorer, and her rich richer. To-day there are more starved bodies than there were before. To-day the wealth of Park Lane is greater than it was ever before. The vampires are to-day sucking the already thinned blood of the miserable wretches of the East End with a greater ferocity than ever. The lady of the West End lives in greater luxury, while the child of the East End still cries piteously with hunger. While the West End Plute and his gaudy wife goes to the church of a Sunday, the poor unfortunates of the East End, who have been ravaged by the human vultures and cast from the factories because hunger and weakness compels them to drop at their work, lay sleeping in the open land-wastes, on the Thames Embankment, or crouched in some doorway to escape the hardships of a London winter, praying to God for the last long sleep to come quickly to end their sorrowful misery.

You may shudder. So do I when I recall those revolting scenes it was my sorry lot to witness in London's East End.

Christ wept over the iniquities of Jerusalem, but what of the sin of London?

W. FRANCIS AHERN.

Sydney, N.S. Wales.

## The Mandeno Case.

Last week a deputation waited on Assistant Minister for Justice Fihelly to seek the aid of the Government in mitigating the sentence recently inflicted on Percy Mandeno. The deputation was representative of many workers' organisations in Brisbane. Most members of the deputation spoke in protest. The tenor of their remarks was that Mandeno had been unjustly dealt with and should be released.

The principal objection to the sentence, according to G. Dwyer, was that the magistrate grossly abused his power in inflicting such punishment, and clearly showed his bias against the workers. It was very evident that justice could not be obtained in such a court. The magistrate had listened very attentively to the case for the prosecution, but apparently paid no attention to the lawyer for he defence. Gordon Brown also stated that the magistrate made an invidious distinction because Mandeno was a worker.

## An Open Letter.

Mr. Worker,—

Do you know what you are in society to-day? Do you realize that you are a mere hand, a convenience, a something despised by your rulers. You are the creator of wealth, of everything you see around you. Factories, workshops, tools, motor cars, steamboats, trains, trams—all the wealth of the nations is built by you. WHAT ARE YOU GETTING OUT OF IT? Your condition is that of a slave. You have no home, the shack that you pay rent for is not a home, merely a shelter allowed to you by your master, so that you should remain efficient to produce profits for him.

Is it not time that you stood erect? Cast your eyes round, what do you see? A class revelling in all the good things of life that you have produced—trips out of the country, luxurious homes, servants (your relations) to wait on them. The best of everything, beautiful clothes, that you have made, leisure to read, to enjoy theatres, balls, entertainments. How much of this do you get? When the whistle blows you skip to work; if late, you run, frightened you may lose your job. Your job—that sums up existence to you; it is the beginning and end of things to you. Without a job how dreadful.

Your master does not need a job; all he needs is you. You see, you work for him. Without him you could use the wealth that you produce: without you he would starve. And yet you think the opposite. Where is your manhood. Your wife, your dependants look to you for protection. These are the best years of your life. By-and-bye when your master can no longer make a profit out of you, he will discharge you as unfit material; you rank as a common property. Socialism means that you, the worker, the great army of useful people, who produce everything worth having, should own and control everything. You would then be your own master—free, independent, and upright. No longer a subservient creature at the beck and call of a superior.

Join our movement that stands for your rights. A bogus Labor Party is useless to you, except to throw dust in your eyes.

The Labor Party is in the pay of your masters, who exploit you. Organise, fight, read and understand the true position. In that way lies your freedom. You do not need a master; he alone needs you.

WYATT JONES.

## The "Telegraph" Sees Something Coming.

"A time will have to come when public opinion will have to shut down effectually on the reckless living on loans in order to protect itself from the appalling and growing taxation now imposed to meet the interest."—Sydney "Daily Telegraph."

The loan-drunk of the "Telegraph" must surely be coming to an end. Already the blear-eyed one sits in the gutter with his gravel-rashed face downcast as he soliloquises: "What a dashed fool I've bin."

## Sheerest Treachery.

In a recent interview in "Collier's Weekly," G. B. Shaw is said to have declared that "British diplomacy was nothing short of the sheerest treachery, leading the people into a bloody war against their will, without their consent, and bound, as they were, with secret treaties, the existence of which the leading diplomats had steadily denied." If G.B.S. really said that it is well for him that he is not in this country. If he was here Labor Governments would have all the military and police in the country after him, and when they got him he would be sure to be fined nothing less than £100 with the usual six months' alternative.

## A Sublime Spectacle.

An unconscious humorist cabled out a few days ago that the Australians at the Dardanelles were laughing uproarously at the belief of the Turks that the Australians and New Zealanders were mostly niggers and cannibals; also that Sir George Reid had said in a speech that it was "a sublime spectacle to see Indians and colored men from Africa and the South Seas fighting side by side with British troops." The Turks probably saw the "sublime spectacle."

In reply, Minister Fihelly stated that the Queensland authorities had no power to deal with the matter. Out of courtesy to the deputation, however, he would forward a report to the Federal Government relating to the whole case.—"The Worker" (Brisbane).

## A.S.P. News & Notes.

### AUSTRALASIAN SOCIALIST PARTY.

Objective.—The social ownership with Democratic control of the means of Production Distribution and Exchange

Headquarters: 115 Goulburn St., Sydney

LUKE JONES,
General Secretary

### CENTRAL EXECUTIVE.

Next meeting of the C.E. will be held on Sat. Oct. 16.

LUKE JONES,
Gen. Sec.

### SYDNEY BRANCH.

The usual outdoor meetings were held last week-end. The Domain meeting drew an interested audience. Comrade Warner spoke too much truth for the equanimity of the police and was arrested, Law and Order feeling itself outraged. Good meeting were held in Park and Bar-Good meetings were held in Park and Marner, Dwyer, Mrs. Lorimer and others participating.

At the Hall, Mr. A. G. Huie delivered an interesting lecture on the City Rating System, giving many instances of peculiarities and anomalies. An interesting discussion followed.

Next Sunday Comrade Luke Jones will give the first of a series of four lectures, the subject being "Socialism and the Wealth of Nations."

W. E. J., Min. Sec

FIXTURES.

Thursday: Branch Executive Meeting.
Friday: Branch Social Evening.
Sunday, Oct. 10: Domain, Mrs. Lorimer, F. Rennell, G. Slade and others.
Park St.: Rosenthal, Denford, Warner.
Market St.: J. Brown, Dwyer, Rudolph.

### NEWTOWN BRANCH.

Branch Rooms, 41 Enmore-road, Newtown.

Economic and Debating Class held every Wednesday night.

Dancing Class held every Monday night.

PROPAGANDA FIXTURES.

Saturday night: Newtown Bridge, F. Hancock, J. Kilburn.

Sunday night: Newtown Bridge, F. Hancock, J, Kilburn.

Comrade C. Jackson having been sentenced to three months jail for speaking too plainly about the war, the Branch has decided to open a Fund to assist Mrs. Jackson during her husband's incarceration. Donations should be forwarded to the under-signed at the above address.

RAY EVERITT, Secretary.

### AUBURN BRANCH.

The above branch meets every Monday night at comrade Jenkin's residence, Kurradah Road, Auburn.

The usual propaganda meetings will be resumed when the warmer evenings set in.

Those who desire to join the branch and help in forwarding the Socialist cause should hand in their names to the branch secretary.

J. J. KEGG.

At Christie's sale-rooms, London, an old silver porringer was recently sold for £60, a dish for £42, a small teapot for £41, and a coffee-pot for £69. The people who paid these prices were probably neither Welsh miners nor British railway men.

### Books and Pamphlets on Sale and to Arrive.

| Title. | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|
| The Positive Outcome of Philosophy, also in same volume Letters on Logic and the Nature of Human Brain Work (Dietzgen) | 4 | s. |
| Landmarks of Scientific Socialism (Anti-Duehring). Contains the most important portions of the larger work from which Socialism, Utopian and Scientific was taken (Engels) | 4 | s |
| The Physical Basis of Mind and Morals. Shows the origin of mind and the relation of economics to morals (Fitch) | 4 | s. |
| Essays on the Materialistic Conception of History (Labriola) | 4 | s. |
| Socialism and Philosophy. In the form of familiar letters (Labriola) | 4 | s. |
| An Introduction to Sociology. A new and useful work for beginners, tracing the development of this new science, with estimates of the work of Comte, Spencer, Ward, Small, and other Sociologists (Lewis) | 4 | s. |
| Critique of Political Economy. Explains the general theory of surplus value and discusses the currency question (Marx) | 4 | s. |
| The Poverty of Philosophy. A reply to Proudon (Marx) | 4 | s |
| Looking Forward: A Treatise on the Status Woman and the Origin and Growth of the Family and the State (Rappaport) | 4 | s. |
| Marxian Economics, a popular introduction to the study of Marx (Untermann) | 4 | s |
| Principles of Scientific Socialism, a systematic and attractive statement of Socialist theories (Wails) | 4 | s |
| Woman and Socialism, the classic work on this subject, revised, enlarged, and newly translated (Bebel) | 6 | s |
| Ancient Society, the greatest and most revolutionary book on primitive man (Morgan) | 6 | s |
| Capital, Vol. I, The Process of Capitalist Production (Marx) | 8 | s |
| Capital, Vol. II, The Process of Circulation of Capital (Marx) | 8 | s |
| Capital, Vol. III, The Process of Capitalist Production as a Whole (Marx) | 8 | s |
| Introduction to Socialism. Excellent for beginners, 64 pages (Richardson) | 3 | d |
| Unionism and Socialism (Eugene V. Debs) | 6 | d |
| Industrial Socialism. Explains why the Socialist Party stands for economic as well as political action (Haywood and Bohn) | 6 | d |
| The Right to be Lazy (64 pages). (Lafargue) | 6 | d |
| Socialism, What It Is and What It Seeks to Accomplish. (Wilhelm) Liebknecht | 6 | d |
| No Compromise: No Political Trading Liebknecht's (Wilhelm) | 6 | d |
| Value, Price and Profit. Explains the vital things wage-workers need to know about economics, Cloth. (Marx) | 6 | d |
| The Socialists: Who They Are and What They Stand For (Spargo) | 6 | d |
| One Big Union: An explanation of the principles of Industrial Unionism, with Chart showing the grouping of the Industries (Trautmann) | 6 | d |
| The Positive School of Criminology. Three lectures explaining what crime really is (Ferri) | 2 | s |
| Justice and Goodness (Lafargue) | 2 | s |
| Evolution, Social and Organic. Lectures showing that Socialism is the logical outcome of modern science (Lewis) | 2 | s |
| The Militant Proletariat, a discussion of the American working-class and the Socialist Party (Lewis) | 2 | s |
| Memoirs of Karl Marx. Delightful personal recollections (Liebknecht) | 2 | s |
| The Theoretical System of Karl Marx. Best and completest work on Marx's theories, with replies to critics (Boudin | 4 | s |
| Life, Writing and speeches of Eugene V Debs. A large volume originally published at 8s, containing all of Debs' most important writings, with a life sketch by Stephen M Reynolds and a preface by Mary U. Marcy (Debs). Cloth | 4 | s |
| Philosophical Essays, including the Religion of Social Democracy, the Ethics of Social Democracy, Social Democratic Philosophy, etc. (Dietzgen) | 4 | s |
| Revolution and Counter-Revolution, or Germany in 1848. The story of a fight won by wage-workers; then lost by their middle-class allies (Marx) | 2 | s |
| The Communist Manifesto. First published in 1848, this is still the classic statement of Socialist Principles (Marx and Engel). Cloth, with Liebkecht's No Compromise | 2 | s |
| The World's Revolutions. A historical study of the great Revolutions; the chapter on Christianity is especially fine (Untermann) | 2 | s |

JUST ARRIVED.

"The Struggle for Existence," by Walter Thomas Mills, 5s. By Post 5s. 6d.

"The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists," by Robert Tressel, 2s. 6d. Posted 2s. 9d.

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